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## An Unfortunate Event



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### Chapter 1 by Dicky McFey

Sweat dripped down my brow as I lowered my head and readied my hands. My stomach rumbled with the force of a thousand strikes of lightning and I thought, "Oh, no...", but it was too late. The man in the red suit raised his gun and shattered the sky with a singular shot.

I was off. Kingsley and Smith trailed behind me as I flashed ahead at the start of the 400m race. Only Jordan James, the junior Olympic candidate from Santoro High School, sped at my side. In a second, we reached the 300m mark and I felt a kernel of shit at my arsehole peek its ugly head out.

I said in my mind, "Please... Mother Mary and Sweet Lord Jesus let this farce of feces return from whence it came," but it was futile. Colonel Poop was determined to go the whole way and dived out, dropping itself out of my shorts and onto the track at my feet.

### Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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